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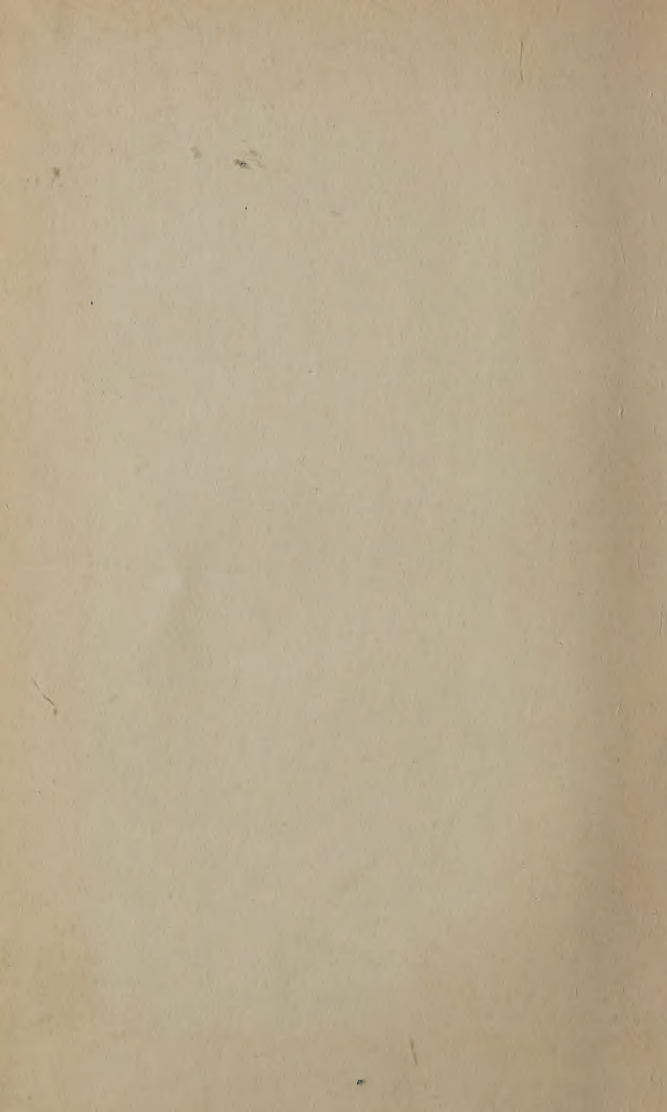
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Catchy • • Monologues

BY ALLEN GRANT EVANS



The Willis N. Bugbee Co.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Man in the Green Shirt

— By —

MYRTLE GIARD ELSEY

A Comedy in 3 Acts—4 men, 6 Women

SCENE: One Easy Interior

CHARACTERS

Mr. George T. Fuller	Always out of money
Mr. Ivan Ross	A guest from Arkansas
Mr. Egbert Cain	A clever crook
Willie Roach	A hired man of the Fullers
Mrs. George T. Fuller	With millionaire ideas
Delphine Larule	An Adventuress
Millie Fuller	Daughter of George T.
Mrs. T. Jefferson Jaynes	A social leader
Lena May Crow	Maid of the Fullers
Emmy Rockhart	A hardboiled policewoman

The Fullers are on the verge of bankruptcy, due largely to the wife's extravagance. Mr. Fuller owns ten shares of Blue Parrot Oil Stock which he considers worthless and had stowed away in an old green shirt. The stock suddenly booms and the shares are in great demand but somehow or other the old shirt is lost. An ad is inserted in the local paper, the police are enlisted, and a wild scramble is made to find the missing article. Incidentally a son of an old friend of Mr. Fuller, arrives on a visit. He goes in bathing and his clothes are stolen. Willie, the servant, provides some old clothes as an emergency. Later it develops that the missing shirt is among these garments, which the young man has put away in his bag and forgotten. The family is again placed in easy circumstances with some valuable lessons learned. The play is full of fun and romance and dramatic touches. Some excellent comedy parts. A typical Elsey play. 2 hours. 35 cents.

THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Bugbee's Popular Monologues

Catchy Monologues

BY

ALLEN GRANT EVANS

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Made in U. S. A.

The Willis N. Bugbee Co.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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CATCHY MONOLOGUES

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MAY 18 1945

CATCHY MONOLOGUES

Acting With The Actors

Humorous monologue for lady. (*Are you in the habit of enjoying adventure, vicariously, in the movies? Here's a woman who had the habit and whose husband objected.*)

(Note: Fictitious names of actors and films are used in this sketch. The entertainer, however, will, of course, add to the humor by substituting such real names as are popular with the public at the moment.)

Howdo, Mrs. Treeson, been to the movie? What did you see? Was it a good one?—That's good. I'm glad you enjoyed it.—Me? No, I ain't been lately, not for nearly a week, anyways. Movies is a kind of a strain on me. Not that I don't like 'em well enough, but the trouble is, I've got too much imagination. I always keep imaginin' I'm doin' everything right along with the actors an' sometimes it's terrible hard work an' everything.

Take for instance, when Carl Kaplin did "The Gold Seekers," I wuz in the character along with him the whole blessed time. An', my land, how I suffered when that house rocked on the edge of the cliff! Honest-to-goodness, I trembled and shook for a week after!

Then when I seen John Barson in "The Sea Monster," why, of course, I wuz busy all the time playin' the leadin' part with him. An', I tell you, Mrs. Treeson, when we got in the mouth of that whale, I almost went into hysterics.

Fact is, I've had such awful times lately an' been through so much that I'm tryin' awful hard to break myself of playin' along like that with the actors. For I says to myself, I says, "Them actors get paid for it an' you don't."

Besides, Mrs. Treeson, them actors know how it's all goin' to end but I don't, so, you see, it's harder on me than 'tis on them.

An' let me tell you something else, that habit of mine nearly got me into serious trouble with my husband. It wuz last Saturday. We went to see Romez in "The Eagle's Nest." An', after it wuz over an' we wuz walkin' home, I got to chattin' away, sayin' how much I had enjoyed the show, only I wuz tired from doin' so much hard fightin' an mountain climbin' along with Romez.

An' then my husband looks at me sort of curious-like, an' he says, "Do you always play the part of all the characters right along with 'em?"

An' I says, "Yes."

An' he says, "When the leadin' lady wuz walkin' around wearin' them pretty dresses, wuz you wearin' them, too?"

An' I says, "Yes, sure I wuz."

An' then he looks at me, real stern-like, an' he says, "Wot I want to know in particular is this—when the leadin' lady wuz kissin' the hero, wot wuz you doin'?"

Well, Mrs. Treeson, you could of knocked me down with a feather! Honest-to-goodness, just to look at my husband, you wouldn't think he'd have sense enough to think up a question like that, now would you?

An' for once in my life, let me tell you, I done some quick thinkin'! An' I says, real disgusted-like, "Oh, for goodness' sake! Wot are two sensible folks, like you an' me, wastin' our time talkin' about a silly movie for? Wot I ought to be talkin' about is wot I'm goin' to cook for your Sunday dinner. Seems like a man ought to have a extra good dinner, at least, once a week. Wot do you say, I get a chicken? I'll stew it tomorrow an' make dumplin's."

Well, Mrs. Treeson, you know my husband just loves chicken dumplin's, an', as I hadn't made him any for quite some time, the thought of 'em side-tracked him like lightnin'. He says to me, he says, "Gosh, that'd be fine!"

Well, I kept talkin' on an' on about that dinner an' next day, I took an awful lot of pains with it, so everything wuz lovely, if I do say it myself. My husband sure did enjoy himself, and everything wuz so peaceful and quiet an' happy an' no embarrassin' questions asked or anything that I just says to myself, I says, "Thank Heaven, I've got a husband with a good digestion!"

A Crowded Car

Humorous monologue for man. (*The street car conductor tells of his troubles with a crowded car.*)

Yeah! I'm a street car conductor. An' it's no cinch job, especially durin' rush hours when the cars is crowded, with folks squashed in every which way—some packed, thick as sardines, on the seats; others swingin' around on straps an' knockin' agin one another.

An jus' to add to the general mixup, a fat lady, with no lap, lets her pocket book slide off onto the floor an' then lets outa yell that she's been robbed.

An' a careful, ole-maid sort uv fella'll take off his rubbers an' then, by an' by, raise the dickens uv a row because one's missin'.

An', sure as fate, there's that pest uv a girl who breaks her string of beads an' expects me to root around an' pick 'em up fer her.

Not to mention the stranger-in-town, with a coupla suitcases an' a umbrella, who blocks up the passage, kicks about the traffic an' hands outa noisy spiel about how nice things is in Los Angeles, Hickville, Noo York, Matilda Center, or some other blamed burg.

Then two or three kids'll decide they'd like to be where they ain't an' proceed to tell it in howls that'ud make a ambitious zoo turn green with envy.

Seems to me, though, I hate Friday more'n any other day because the thicker the jam, the louder I can smell fish. You see, a lotta these put-a-dime-in-the-bank-a-day guys thinks they can save by doin' their shoppin' at a down town market. Uv course, as a rule, I don't object to folks spendin' their money where they pleases. But, when it comes to fish, I sure wish they'd wait till they get home an' do business in their own neighborhood.

But that's the way it goes on a full-plus car. Everything an' everybody as uncomfortable as can be. Except the lovesick! Nothin' ever seems to bother 'em. I've seen a pair hangin' onto one strap, gettin' themselves stepped on an' smashed about an' yet lookin' like they thought they wuz in heaven. Instead uv bein' anxious to get outa the crowd, they're apt

to go past their stops. Funny but I've noticed that it always happens if the guy goes past his street, he don't say nothin'. But, if his jane gets carried on, he'll bawl me out somepin fierce, as if it wuz my fault. But, uv course, I don't hardly ever answer back. Fer I wuz young once myself—see?—an' can remember likin' to show off before my gurl.

One evenin', though, when I wuz feelin' grouchy anyways, I did get kinda sore. It wuz when a skinny little sheik, about haff my size, comes at me an' sputters, "Say, wot you mean? This young lady wanted to get off at L———— Street."

An' I says, "Well, why didn't she? She ain't paralyzed nor nothin', is she?"

An' then he dances around, mad as haff a dozen wet hens, an' says, "You know very well, you didn't give her time."

An' I says, "Aw, tell it to the marines!"

At that he draws back his fist, fer all the world as if he thought he knew how to use it.

An' I wuz jus' gettin' ready fer him, when his sweetie grabs his arm an' says, "Don't, dearie. It wouldn't be fair. He don't look strong like you."

So the guy goes off, pleased as punch to get outa it so easy.

But, say, wuzn't that gurl a smooth article? I'll tell the world she wuz! The President oughta have her in his cabinet.

Diff'rent People

(Street car conductor tells of different sorts of passengers.)

Yeah! I'm a street car conductor an' I sure have to deal with a lotta diff'rent people. A lotta diff'rent

people with a lotta diff'rent notions. Diff'rent notions that don't do me no good, gen'rally. Fer instance I caught a reg'lar champeen uv a cold lately an' yesterday wuz coughin' quite considerable. A pretty little High School girl gets on, notices it, opens her pocket book an' says, "I've some cough drops here. Won't you have one?"

Well, I take it, thanks her, looks at it, curious-like, an' says, "This is the first licorice lozenge I ever seen that wuz sugar-coated."

An' she says, "Oh, that's not sugar! It won't hurt you. It's just a little face powder."

An' then t'other mornin', a happy-lookin' fella comes anti-Volsteadin' in. He stumbles around fer awhile, then sets down an' begins broadcastin' a lecture about California.

While we made that entire trip, back an' forth on the line, he wuz gassin' away about "grape fruitish big's a tub."

An' when we made that trip a second time, he wuz busy with "orangesh big's a bucket."

An', on the third trip, he spiels a line about "nutsh big's a tin cup."

I grabs hold of him then an' says, "Look here, we're tired hearin' about fruit an' hardware. Tell me, now. Where you want to get off?"

Well, he manages to get up, catches hold uv my coat, so's to hold himself steady, an' says, real earnest-like, "Brother, jush between me—hic—an' you, I think—hic—I *am* off!"

An' I says, "Well, I'd be the last to deny that! But, come on, now. Shake a leg! Where you wanna go?"

He gives that a lotta serious thought an' then says, "I wanna go—hic—wanna go get nuther drink!"

Well, uv course, that wuz easy enough! I jus' puts him off at the next stop.

Then, late at night, the shieks come along an' I got them on my hands! An,' believe me, they're some bunch! They take lookin' after!

You see, a lotta young fellas, from the south-side, is callin' on north-side gurls; an' a lotta north-side guys is courtin' south-siders.

Say, ain't it queer, how few folks care to shop in their own neighborhood?

Well, around twelve or one o'clock, or later, after a evenin' with their dolls, these Romeos get on the car, tell me what stop they want, then set down an' proceed to doze off.

Once the car gives a unexpected jolt an' two uv 'em knocks their heads together. One mumbles, "Madge, honey!" An' the other says, "Cecilia, love!"

Usually I keeps their directions straight in my mind an' puts 'em off at the right stop. But, one time, I gets two uv 'em mixed. You know that dapper little professor with the fly mustache, that lives near the High School? Well, I puts him off at the factory section at G—— Street. An' that fine, big, red-headed, young fella, that belongs at G—— Street, I pushes out where the Professor should have went.

But they weren't mad. Naw! Next day they joshes me about it.

You know, some folks sneer at love. But me! I like it. I like it because, as a gen'ral thing, it makes folks good-natured.

Holiday Lafter

Monologue for a man. (*Devey, the iceman, had a bully time, with plenty to "laff at" on Christmas Eve.*)

Yeah! I certainly am lookin' forward to Christmas Eve agin this year. Las' year we had a reg'lar, rip-snortin', good time—don't know when I wuz any place where we all laffed so much. Fact is, we all jus' about died laffin'. An' I guess, mebbe the neighbors woulda been kinda glad if we had.

Well, anyways, it wuz such a all-around good time, that we're goin' to do the stunt over agin this Christmas. Yeah!

You see, las' year, Em and Ed invited Lou an' Sam an' Ardella an' me over. An' Em an' Ed had a Christmas tree all decorated up pretty' an' we all got presents fer one another an' tied 'em on. No one wuz allowed to spend more'n ten cents an'—by gee!—them sure wuz some presents! Yeah! Gosh! You bet!

Fer instance, Lou gets a little box labeled, "Help yourself, kid. You don't use haff enough."

Well, when she undone it, what should fall out but a lipstick! Yeah! Well, uv course, that made us all laff because Lou sure is fond uv a lipstick. She wields a wicked one an' don't need no invitation to put it on no thicker. As a general thing, Lou's mouth can be seen a block away. Yeah! An', fer that matter, it can be heard, too.

Then there wuz a big bundle fer me marked, "To Bill Devey, the world's greatest short-weight ice-man."

Well, uv course, that crack about short-weight mighta made me sore but I don't let it bother me. Naw! Wot's a use? I believe like this—when they's

a guy jus' tryin' to be sorta funny an' don't mean nothin' in particular, why there's no use gettin' mad. See? Well, if I'm willin' to act that way mosta the year, I sure oughta be able to stick to it Christmas Eve. Yeah! Fer Christmas Eve is the time fer celebratin' an' feelin' happy. Yeah! It's no time fer soreheads. Naw! So, when Ed an' Em an' Lou an' Sam an' Ardella all laffed, why I jus' laffed along with 'em. Yeah! Gosh! You bet!

But when I got to openin' the bundle, I laffed in good earnest. Fer it sure wuz wrapped up. I'll tell the world, it wuz! I kep' on takin' off layers an' layers uv paper an' balls an' balls uv twine but seemed like I'd never get down to nothin'.

Well, after awhile, I come to a little bit uv a package an' it wuz full of cigarettes. Yeah! Well, uv course, I passes 'em around so's Ed an' Sam could light up, too. An' then, jus' fer fun, I offers some to Em an' Lou an' Ardella. But they don't take none. Naw! They're nice girls, Em an' Lou an' Ardella is. So they jus' chew gum.

Well, they was lots uv funny presents but, I guess the hit uv the evenin' wuz Ed's automobiles. You see, Ed's crazy about automobiles. Yeah; An' he's always buyin' some ole bus an' fixin' 'er up, so's she'll run fer awhile. Well, two uv us unbeknownest to each other, happens to think it'd be fun to give Ed a little toy car. Well, when he gets the first one, we laffs, but when he gets the second, uv course, we laffs all the harder, especially when ole Ed says, "Hurray! Now, I got one fer each foot!"

An' then—by gee!—if he don't go an' tie one uv 'em little iron busses on each foot!

Yeah! An' he gets up an' cuts the durndest capers till Em, she calls a halt. She said she guessed 'she wanted a little uv that apartment left to start the Noo Year with an' Ed better stop, 'fore he ruins everything. So Ed, he did. Yeah!

Well, then the gurls, they went out to the kitchen an' fixed up some plates of cake an' some cups uv cawffee an' brung it in. Yeah! An' then we all set around an' et cake an' drunk cawffee. Yeah! An' we set there an' joked an' laffed till—by gee!—it musta been one o'clock!

Well, anyways, it wuz a good time an' this year we're goin' to have the celebration over agin. Yeah! Only 'stead uv meetin' at Em an' Eds, we're goin' to meet at Lou an' Sams. Yeah!

An' we'll have another swell time uv it. They'll be plenty to laff at this year, jus' like they wuz las' year. Yeah! Gosh! You bet!

A Hopeless Job

Humorous monologue for man. (*Do you think a law should be passed against petting in public places? Listen to what a policeman has to say.*)

I'm a policeman, you know, an' my beat runs through the city park. There's an ordinance that says that no petting be allowed. No petting! Such a law! It's the worry of my life!

For instance, I walk along of an evenin'. Then all of a sudden, I stop. For there on a bench, under the old oak tree, I can see, through the shadows, the outlines of a man, with a woman nestlin' close. An

arm steals about her shoulders. She tilts back her head an' looks up at him. He leans forward an' their lips meet.

I step nearer, an' hear her say, "Tony, do you love-a me?"

An' he says, "Ah-h-h! Mimi! Better than ma life!"

Then I speak out, gruff-like, so they get up an' scurry off. But, the next evenin', they are there again, an' the next an' the next an' the next!

I make a point of meetin' Tony, so as to talk with him, in private. An' he explains like this, "Mimi's Mama, she has-a so many keeds. They play, yell, fight. So! We come-a to da park."

"Well, that's all right," I says, "but don't kiss, don't do any petting. It's against the law."

An' he says, "Ah-h-h! But Mimi, she so sweet?"

An' he says, uneasy-like, "Lots of fellas, they like-a kees Mimi!"

Then he clenches his fists, determined as you please, as if he's ready to stand up against the world, "Ah kees-a her! Ah kees-a her, *maself*!"

Well, not being able to do anything with him, I take Mimi aside an' talk with her. She looks at me, coixin-like, with her big black eyes, an' she says, "But, Tony, he so nice!"

An' she says, uneasy-like, "Babette think so, too. She like-a kees Tony!"

Then she draws herself up, defiant-like, an' says, "Ah kees-a heem! Ah kees-a heem, *maself*!"

Well, I talk with 'em again an' again, separate an' together. I reason with 'em an' scold an' threaten 'em. But it does no good! Night after night, just the same, they come to their meetin'-place. An' they

learn to keep on the watch, so that when I come in sight they are sittin' erect, proper as anything. But as soon as my back is turned, I know well enough, that the arm, that was restin' so innocent on the back of the bench, has dropped down again an' is huggin' little Mimi. An, I know, that Mimi has quit pretendin' to watch the squirrels. Oh, yes! She'll have snuggled up to Tony again, with her head on his shoulder.

Well, after awhile, they get married an' have a little home of their own. They don't come to the park any more, of an evenin'.

An' you can bet, I feel relieved! I walk along contented. Tony an' Mimi are happy. I'm no longer a kill-joy in their lives. Then, all of a sudden, I stop. For, through the shadows, I can see the outlines of a man, with a woman nestlin' close. An arm steals about her shoulders. She tilts back her head an' looks up at him. He leans forward an' their lips meet.

An' as I step nearer, I can hear her say, "Pat. an' do you luv me?"

An' he says, "Ah-h-h! Nora! Darlin'! Better than me loife!"

Well, you see, that's the way it goes. Another couple has found the bench under the old oak tree. The whole thing has to be gone through with again! Again I must try an' reason with 'em, scold an' threaten 'em! By an' by, of course, they'll go. But others will come! An' others, others, others—

"No petting in the park!" That's easy said! That's a law that's easy passed. But just try an' enforce it, an' you'll find it's a hopeless job!

It Gets On My Nerves

Humorous monologue for boy of high school age.

(Boy is fond of girl but argues against love.)

If there's anything that gets me, it's this love business. *(Speaks most contemptuously.)* Love, love! And the worst of it is, there's no getting away from it! Love, love! Everywhere you go! And I can tell you, it gets on my nerves. It gets on my nerves something fierce!

I wouldn't mind so much if they'd only leave *me* out of it. And you'd think they would. You'd think that so much love—in movies, books and everywhere—that people would let me alone. But do they? I'll say they don't! People like love so much that they even try and include *me* in it. And I can tell you, it gets on my nerves. It gets on my nerves something fierce!

Take, for instance, when our class had an all-day picnic down on the river not long ago, why a bunch of us was lounging around and, all of a sudden, one of the girls—Beulah Bately—says "I'm tired sitting still. I think I'll get my canoe and paddle around."

Well, I sat up then. For I like being on the water. And I said, "You got a canoe?"

And she says, "Sure, how else could I paddle a canoe, if I didn't have a canoe!"

And she says, "I keep it in the boathouse, over there."

And I says, "You know how to paddle, do you?"

And she says, "Sure. Don't you?"

And I says, "I'm pretty good at rowing, but I don't know much about this paddling business."

And she says, "Well, come along, if you want to. I'll teach you."

Well, I jumped up then and followed her. And we got the canoe, and got in, and gosh, Beulah sure proved she knew how to manipulate a paddle! And she showed me how to use one. And it wasn't long before I got on to the trick of it. And Beulah said she never saw anyone learn as fast as I did. And, gosh, but we had a good time!

And then, at noon the gang on shore called to us, so we landed and went up there and ate lunch. And, after lunch, I says to Beulah, "How about workin' that canoe some more?"

And she says, "All right."

And when we got back in the canoe again she says, "If you keep on trying like this, you'll be ready to graduate before the day's over."

And then she laughed, and I laughed. And we paddled up and down that old river, and, gosh, but we had a good time! And then when it was time to go home, the gang on shore called to us, so we landed and—

But now this is where the trouble comes in—this is what makes me mad—this is what gets on my nerves—gets on my nerves something fierce! No sooner did Beulah and me get with the rest, than what did they do but begin to razz us about going off by ourselves all day. And they kidded us about being in *love*!

Being in *love*! Do you get that? Love, love! All we did was paddle a canoe! And people, right off, have to begin talking about "love, love!" Did you ever hear anything so crazy?

And I decided, just to show 'em how mistaken they were and that I wasn't the old mush-head they thought I was, that I'd never look at Beulah again!

But, next day, I got to thinking about how much fun Beulah and me had had with that canoe, so I called her up. And we went canoeing. And we've gone canoeing a lot of times since.

And then I found out that Beulah could swim. So we've gone swimming together. And can Beulah swim? And how! She's awful smart, Beulah is.

And then I found out that Beulah could play tennis. And we've been playing tennis together.

And, altogether, we've been having lots of fun, Beulah and me have. But there's one drawback—people keep looking at us and saying things, like they thought we were in love. Just as though Beulah and me were a pair of soft-headed old sillies! And it gets on my nerves. It gets on my nerves something fierce!

Love, love! Just because I like being with Beulah, is that any reason for people to begin spoofing about *love*? Just because I think Beulah is the best pal in the world, is that any reason for people to go tittering around about *love*? Just because I think Beulah is the prettiest, nicest, sweetest girl in the whole universe, is that any reason—

But what's the use in my talking about it? All I've got to say is that all this slushy stuff about love gets on my nerves. It gets on my nerves something fierce!

It's Like This

Homorous monologue for man. (*An easy mark, who doesn't know it; and is just as happy, as if he had good sense.*)

Well, it's like this—I've never thought a great deal about women, that is, you know, I don't fall for 'em easy, like some fellas do. Some fellas! Gosh!

Why some fellas'll let a jane twist 'em around her little finger! It's just as though they didn't have a backbone to their name, let alone a headpiece. For any guy that's able to do a little thinking can soon get hep to the fact that all the average jane wants is just exactly all he's got—and then some! But no jane ever managed to hoodwink me. No siree!

Of course, there's Mabel. But Mabel isn't like the others. Mabel doesn't act or do things the way other girls do. She's one all by herself, Mabel is. I saw that the first time I met her. I couldn't help but see it, because, you know, Mabel—well, it's like this—Mabel's just an awfully sweet girl.

Take, for instance, that evening we got introduced—what did she do, right off the bat, but look up at me in the prettiest, cutest, sweetest, little way imaginable, and she says, "How'd you like to take me out to dinner?"

Well, now, you know, if any other chicken had let out a cheep like that, I'd have turned her down cold. And I wouldn't have hesitated, either! For I haven't any use for a gold-digger. Fact is, I haven't any more use for a gold-digging chicken than I have for the chicken-pox. Any gold-digging chicken that comes my way soon finds she's scratching on hard rock. That's what a tough proposition I am! And that's the truth!

But, of course, I saw right away that a nifty little blonde like Mabel didn't mean any harm. She was just trying to be nice and friendly and sociable. So, as soon as she said what I just now said she said, why I said, "Hurray! Come along!"

So we went to Z————'s restaurant and Mabel ordered cocktails and caviar and a fancy salad and—and—well, I don't know what all she didn't order! And, let me tell you, if any other girl had ordered all that stuff, like Mable did, and run up a big bill on me, like Mabel did, I'd have been sore as a boil! Fact is, I wouldn't have stood for it at all! I'd have put up a howl before she'd ordered one third of the outlay. But, of course, I saw right off that Mabel didn't mean to jip me out of anything. Just one look at her—the way she smiled and dimpled—gosh!—why I knew she was only trying to be nice and friendly and sociable. And that's the way it is with Mabel. For, you see, Mabel—well, it's like this—Mabel's just an awfully sweet girl.

And when we'd finished eating and Mabel had finished powdering and rouging and lipsticking—And, by the way, I always did hate terribly to see a girl all powdered and rouged and lipsticked up, until she looks like something in a waxworks-sideshow! That is, I always did hate it, until I met Mabel. For, Mabel you see, doesn't do it for the same reason other girls do. Mabel explained it to me. It's like this — she doesn't make-up just to look pretty or to attract attention. Nothing like that. She does it because all the other girls do it and because, if she didn't do it, she's afraid the other girls would think she was trying to act superior. And Mabel's such a democratic little thing! She wouldn't want them to think that! So, when you come to think about it, it's really downright noble of Mabel, isn't it?

But to go back to what I started to tell you about—when we'd finished eating and Mabel had finished making-up, she says, "Now, we're going to a cabaret, aren't we?"

Well! You can bet your sweet life! If any other girl had tried that on me, I'd have told her where she could get off, and I'd have told her so in no uncertain terms, and I don't mean maybe! But, of course, I could tell, just the way she looked at me, that Mabel didn't mean to be fresh. She was just thinking that it would be nice for us to stay together for a little while longer. She was just trying to be friendly and sociable. So I says, "Hurrray! Come along!"

So we went to the Luckstone Cabaret and danced and danced and danced and had a mighty good time. And we've kept going around together ever since. And last week Mabel says, "What do you say we get married?"

And now, listen! Get this straight! I'm no soft-headed sap, and, if any other girl had pulled a crack like that, I'd have beat it away so fast, it would have made her head swim. I'd have gone like a streak of lightning or the Spirit of St. Louis headed for Paris. But, of course, I didn't run away from Mabel. For, of course, Mabel wasn't trying to put over a swift one or anything like that. She's just naturally friendly and sociable, Mabel is. She's just naturally affectionate. Especially where I'm concerned. And I couldn't object to that, could I? So I says, "Hurrray! Come along!"

And so we're married now and living in a little apartment on the north side of town, and you must come over soon and see us and get acquainted with Mabel. For it's like this—you'll enjoy meeting Mabel. I know you will, because—well—because, you see, Mabel's just an awfully sweet girl.

It Took A Lot of Explaining

(Traveling man takes his bride over his regular route.)

Yeah, I'm married now. Just back from the honeymoon. And everything's hotsy-totsy, everything's snug. Only—only—well, if I had it to do over again, I'd plan a—a—well, a different sort of a honeymoon. Because, you see, things—well, things kept happening, you know. Things kept happening right along. First this and then that. Not that there was anything to any of it. Of course not! But, somehow, it—it—well, somehow, it took a lot of explaining.

You see, when Elda and me planned to get married, she decided against a little apartment. She wanted a home—a little cottage in the suburbs. Well, that was a kind of expensive idea. But then I thought it was a good one. Nothing like settling down right at the start. Nothing like taking marriage seriously and all that. So we looked around and found a little cottage, over on the west side. It's a swell little place, and just suited Elda and me, so we bought it, and—

But I was telling you about the honeymoon. You see by the time I'd paid something down on the house, and furnished it, and bought myself a few glad rags, why I was pretty well bent. And Elda guessed it. So we talked things over. And she said, "Well, you traveling men always seem to think that the route you travel over isn't at all interesting. But I've never traveled very much. Those towns you stop at would be interesting to me. So why couldn't we get married just before you start out on your next trip. And I could go with you. And that would be our honeymoon."

Well, that sounded good to me. Because, you see, I didn't care where I was, just so Elda was with me. And, besides, I figured, taking her with me that way, that we could lean pretty hard up against the old expense account and make it cover a good deal. So, take it all in all, like I told you, it sounded like a good proposition. But, somehow, it—it didn't turn out to be such a heck of a swell idea, after all. Because—well—because, like I told you, things kept happening. Things kept bobbing up. First this and then that. Not that there was anything to any of it, you understand. Of course not! But, somehow, it—it—well, it took a lot of explaining.

Take, for instance, when we got to M——. That's a nice friendly little town. And the clerk in the hotel there is a nice friendly sort of fellow. And, when I used to go there and feel kind of lonesome, why he'd take me out to his house. And he had a sister, Dora. A nice friendly girl. And her and me used to sort of kid one another along. Nothing to it, you understand. Just a nice friendly time. But—

Well, when Elda and me walked into the hotel, what should happen but that this clerk didn't notice Elda at all! But he shouts out at me, "Well, well, look who's here! I'll have to telephone your old friend, Dora. She'll want to throw a party for you, same as usual."

Well, then I introduces Elda to him. And, when I says "wife", he gets red and begins to hem and haw something terrible.

Well, of course, there wasn't any reason for him to hem and haw like that. But he was just embarrassed, you know, because he felt he'd put his foot in it.

And when Elda and me went to our room, why, of course, I told her there was nothing between this Dora and me. And of course, there wasn't. But, somehow, it—it—well, somehow, it took a lot of explaining.

Then, when we got to S——, why at the hotel there, there's a little waitress by the name of Belle, that I used to gab with occasionally. She's the kind of girl, you know, that likes to shoot off her mouth, and I used to sort of enjoy listening to her.

Well, when Elda and me went into the dining-room, what should Belle do but not realize that I was escorting Elda. And she opened up on me with her usual line of lingo!

Well, of course, not being entirely dumb, she soon got hep to the way things were, and shut up. And, of course, I told Elda that there was nothing at all between this Belle and me. And, of course, there wasn't! But, somehow, it—it—well, somehow, it took a lot of explaining.

And then at W——. Well, of course, at a big town like that I was bound to run up against other traveling men. And what should three of my old side-kicks do but come buttin' into our room at the hotel there, and, without waitin' to see if I was alone or not, sing out, "Hello, Buddy, how about a good old session of poker?"

Well, of course, when I introduced them to Elda, why they crawfished out in no time at all.

And, of course, I told Elda there wasn't anything to this poker business. That we never played for high stakes. And, of course, we never had! But, somehow, it—it—well, somehow, it took a lot of explaining.

And that's the way things kept going. And so, what I say is this—if you're a traveling man and get married, don't take a honeymoon over your regular route. For, no matter how straight you've always been, why things'll keep cropping up. There'll be nothing to it, of course. But you'll find out, just like I did, that, somehow, it—it—well, that, somehow, it took a lot of explaining.

Mrs. Gabbee Attends a Musical

(A fashionable but giddy and overly talkative woman attends a musical.)

My dear, it was just awfully sweet of you to bring me along. I do so love a musical! They're so sort of—well, so sort of refined, don't you think?

Nice crowd. Everyone is well dressed and seems sort of—sort of—oh, you know—sort of intelligent.

Look, its beginning! Here comes two. Now, I imagine, that one's going to sing and the other—no she isn't either! Well, I declare! The other is going to sing and that one is the accompanist! You know, I never can help but feel terribly sorry for an accompanist. A thankless kind of a job, if you ask me! However, I suppose, she can take it easier than anyone else, for no one's going to notice whether she makes a few mistakes or not. At any rate, I'm sure I never do!

Oh, doesn't that girl sing nicely! Such lovely tones! You know, I have a cousin who sings like that, only, I believe, her voice is even stronger. It's really too strong! When she sings, she fills up a room

so, that it makes a person feel sort of—sort of—oh, you know—sort of crowded. (*applauds*)

Oh, she's through! That was short, wasn't it?

What's she going to sing now, I wonder?—Oh, that's pretty, isn't it? But, to tell the truth, I'd like her much better, if she'd worn a different kind of a dress. She really oughtn't to wear a vivid pink or cerise or red or whatever the color of that thing is supposed to be! A blonde ought to wear light blue or white and look ethereal. A girl, who can make herself look ethereal, ought to do it. Men like ethereal girls. There aren't many women, even among blondes, that *can* look ethereal. If they put on weight, they can't and, if they lose weight, they can't. Fat isn't ethereal and bones certainly aren't. Oh, you've got to be just right to be ethereal! (*applauds*)

Yes, she did do splendidly, just beautifully! You know, she must have spent a lot of time and money on her voice. It means ever so much work to become as well trained as that. I used to hear my cousin practising and practising and practising. And, sometimes, I couldn't help but feel glad that I didn't have any talent to worry about.

Oh, here comes the violinist. Wonder what she'll be like? Nice looking, isn't she? I like her dress, too. You know, I saw that identical thing, on sale, at M———'s, for thirty-nine fifty.

Oh, she's got to stop and tune up! Isn't that a nuisance? You know, I feel so sorry for violinists. Why, they spend half their lives just tuning up! It's a wonder someone doesn't invent a way to keep the instrument in proper key—you know—all the time.

Oh, doesn't she play well! I'm going to enjoy this! I do so love a good violinist!

Oh, my dear, for goodness' sake, gaze on that hat that woman, over there, has on! Looks like a coal scuttle, doesn't it? You can't see anything but her nose and you couldn't see that, if it weren't so long! Oh, well, all the same, perhaps, she's a very nice woman. One can't tell and certainly we oughtn't to judge hastily. I met a woman, not long ago, and she was wearing the ugliest hat, you can ever hope to see! And yet I found out afterwards that she was really quite nice.

You know, I think this girl plays almost too well, don't you? It doesn't pay for a girl to be so clever. Men don't like clever girls. A man likes to look up to a girl morally but he wants to look down on her mentally. Take that young cousin of mine, for instance, that sings so well. Such a clever girl! And yet she hardly ever has a beau! Now, I always had so many.

Oh, she's finished! (*applauds*) Well, she's worth clapping for, isn't she?

Oh, she's going to play again! I'm ever so glad. — Oh, isn't this splendid. I adore that piece! Now, I'm just going to sit back and give myself up to it! Don't say a word to me! I just want to listen!

Oh, my dear! I've forgotten my powder puff! Look! It isn't in my bag! What a tragedy! What-ever shall I do? — Oh, don't you mind loaning yours? Thank you, so much! So sweet of you! You know, I'd rather forget my pocket book than my powder puff! Really, I would! Actually! For if a woman looks nice, she can always get along, even without money. But with a shiny nose! Never!——

There! Do I look all right now? — Well, here's your powder puff back again. Thanks enormously. It was so dear of you to let me have it. You can't imagine how much I appreciate it! Perhaps, some day, I can do you a favor. Let's hope so, anyway.

Oh, my dear, I declare, I smell coffee!—Oh, do they? How lovely! It's so nice to have a cup and a little social chat, after sitting through a whole program without having said a word.

Oh, there, she's through at last! (*applauds*) That piece was long, wasn't it? Not that I didn't enjoy it! For she's wonderful, absolutely wonderful! But who's this? —Oh, a reader! You know, I don't care much for readers. Somehow when one person gets up to mimic another person, it always strikes me as being sort of—sort of— oh, you know—sort of silly.

Isn't her voice queer? —Oh, yes, of course, I know she's imitating a funny old woman but I think she's making it too natural. A young girl oughtn't to be so realistic. Men don't like it. —Oh, if she hasn't finished already! (*applauds*) Imagine getting it over so quickly! Bows nicely, doesn't she?

Oh, dear me! She's going to read again! Oh, well, perhaps it'll be another short one.—My dear, what are they laughing at? What was it she said? I didn't get that! What?—WHAT?—Oh, why the very idea! I don't think that's so funny! And usually I can see a joke quicker than most people!

There! Well, she managed to get through with it, didn't she? (*applauds*)—Oh, now, this girl's going to play the piano. Do you like the way she has her hair bobbed and all fluffed out? Does mine look like that?—Oh, thank you! I didn't think it did!

You know, I don't like bobbed hair when it stands out in every direction, like a drunken haystack. And I don't like it when it's greased and slicked down like wall paper. I like it when it's—when it's—oh, you know—when it's just right.

My dear, did you know that Beethoven is called the "Shakespeare of Music"? Well, he is. I read it in the paper last night—in the "Facts Everyone Should Know" column. It was the item right under a bit of information about how to remove ink stains with lemon.

You know, my dear, if this program isn't over before long, that coffee's going to get cold!

My, but it takes a lot of muscle to play the piano, doesn't it? I'm sure I never could do it! I'm not strong enough. And besides, I think that tackling a big instrument, like that, is a man's job anyway, don't you?

Oh, she's getting up!—Why, for goodness' sake! I didn't realize before, that she was so tall! It's rather a pity, don't you think? Because, you know, men usually prefer short girls.

Oh, she's going to play an encore! And after that long selection, she gave us! Isn't she sweet and generous?—My dear! Please excuse me! The idea of my yawning like this! But it's not the company, I assure you!

By the way, have you a radio?—Yes, we have, too. We get so much pleasure out of it. Last night at six different times, we heard different orchestras playing one of Irving Berlin's popular little songs.

We enjoyed it so much! It was the one he wrote while—(*Breaks off to applaud.*)

Oh, my dear, how embarrassing! That's the first time I ever clapped, out of place, in all my life. Really, it is! But I thought of course, she was through! The idea of her stopping like that! How could anyone have told she was going on again! You know, I don't think players ought to stop that way, just as though they're through, when they're not! It's so deceptive!

And, anyway, don't you think artists are terribly temperamental? One got absolutely furious at me not long ago. She announced that she would sing "Out In The Green Pasture". Well, my dear, I thought that was awfully funny! Imagine singing out in a green pasture! I just laughed and laughed! She fairly glowered at me! But I couldn't stop. I've such a keen sense of humor. Men like a sense of humor, don't you think? But, somehow, my husband doesn't seem to care anything about it!

There! Well, she's through now, let us hope! At any rate, she's actually gotten up! So, I suppose, I can clap now with perfect safety. (*applauds*) You know, I rather enjoy clapping, don't you? It gives one something to do.

Well, my dear, it's over. And doesn't it feel good to get up, after sitting still so long! And, my dear, I don't know when I've enjoyed a musical so much! Everything's been just—just—oh, you know—just perfectly perfect! I'll never forget how sweet it was of you to invite me! Absolutely never! Is my hat on straight? And, now, we can get our cup of coffee, can't we?

A New Citizen

(A Cockney comes to visit America, falls in love and decides to stay.)

Hi s'y! Hamerica! A topping country. Just a little bit of hall right. Hand I'm goin' to st'y, hand be a bloomin' citizen. Take hout a bally naturalisomething paper. Han Hamerican! Me! 'Arry Harnold! Me! That never thought to leave hold Hengland. Me! That never thought to leave jolly hold Lunnon. But that's the w'y hit goes hin this life. A chappie thinks this, hand then the hother thing 'appens to 'im Don't it now?

There Hi was! Workin' aw'y. Cleanin' streets. Lunnon streets. Hand not grumblin' a bit. Not a bad job, thinks I. Then comes a letter. Han himposin' letter. From a lawyer chappie, hin Hamerica. Hit seems that an uncle of mine, who hemigrated hover there, 'ad gone to 'is 'eavenly reward, leavin' be'ind 'im a thrivin' green grocery business. Hand me! The honly heir!

Well, thinks I, Hi'll be steppin' hout, hand buy a ticket for Hamerica, for this New York, hand I'll sell the thrivin' green grocery business, hand I'll come back 'ome with a few 'undred pounds to my pocket, hand set hup for a gentleman.

A jolly good hidea, but things worked hout hin a different w'y. For no sooner do I harrive, hand go to see the lawyer chappie than wot should Hi be'old but a stenographer! Not just a hordinary stenographer, understand. But a 'undred per cent hangel of a stenographer. 'Eavenly to look hat. Neat hand sweet as you please.

Hand, as luck would 'ave it, the lawyer chappie was busy, hand I 'ad to wait. Hand me and the little stenographer sat there. Hand our eyes smiled hat one another. Hand our lips smiled. Hand she says, "Wot you larfin' hat?" (Honly with a different sort of haccent, you understand.)

"Hit's a fine country," says I.

She larfs hout loud hat that. Hand she looks me hup hand down, hand says, "Hengland mustn't be such a bad place, either."

Hand then we both larf together, pleased as punch with hourselves.

Hand she says, "Wot did you do in Hengland?"

Hand I draws myself hup, proud as the proudest, hand says, "Hi was street cleaner to 'Is Majesty the King."

Hand she says, "Ow about the Queen?"

Hand I thinks about the hold Raleigh chappie, hand I says, "Ho, I threw down my cape for 'er."

Hand then me and the little stenographer, we larf like heverything. Hand she says, "Well, Mister Sir Walter Raleigh, Street Cleaner, wot you goin' to do hover 'ere?"

Hand then I forgets about puttin' a few 'undred pounds hin my pocket, hand goin' 'ome. Hand I says, "Hi'e a thrivin' green grocery business."

Hand I show 'er the haddress; hand, blimme, if she don't live hin the neighborhood! Hand she tells me hall about the place—hanswers hevery question that I arsk!

"Hit's a fine grocery," says she.

"You've struck hit snug," says she.

Hand then the lawyer chappie sends for me, hand I go hinto 'is hoffice. Hand we talk, hand har-

range things. Hand, when I come hout, the d'y bein' about hover, the little stenographer his about to leave.

"Are you steppin' hout?" I arsk.

"Ham I *wot*?" says she.

"Hi'm a stranger hin a strange land," says I.

"Wot do you want me to do," says she. "Cry!"

"Ow about steppin' hout with me?" says I. "A bit of dinner, hand a squint hat the thrivin' green grocery business."

Well, she can see, without 'arlf lookin', that I'm balmy about 'er. But she don't shy hoff. Not a bit of it! She comes along—bless 'er 'eart—hand that starts things! Hevery d'y, hafter that, we're together. Hand then—Hi've such a w'y with me, you know—she quits bein' stenographer to the lawyer chappie, hand becomes cashier for the thrivin' green grocery business. Hand then—Hi've such a w'y with me, you know—she quits bein' cashier, and becomes Missus to the howner. 'Arry Harnold! Me! *Mrs.* 'Arry Harnold! 'Er! The little stenographer, that was, you know. The little cashier, that was, you know. *Mrs.* 'Arry Harnold! 'Ow's that? A little bit of hall right! Eh?

Hand sometime, when you're steppin' hout, step hin and see us. Hup hover the thrivin' green grocery business. A snug little hapartment. A little bit of 'eaven, that's wot!

Hand don't forget to visit the thrivin' green grocery business, hitself. You'll be pleased as punch. For we've heverything you want. Happles, Horanges. Hapricots. Honions. 'Orseradish. Heggs. 'Am. Hoysters. Hoatmeal. Heverything you want, hand heverything of the best. The thrivin' green grocery. Don't forget. 1251 M—— Street. Stop hin hand see us, when you're steppin' hout.

The Radio Widow

C185755
CO. SCHOOLS

(Wife of radio enthusiast complains of her lot.)

(Note: A radio is supposed to be playing while this monologue is being given. A clever assistant is, therefore, necessary. He should place himself in the wings with a phonograph, be able to change records quickly, to produce extremely discordant shrieks at the proper moment, and to mimic the voice of a radio announcer. As entertainer begins, a popular jazz record is being played. Entertainer is seated on chair, down stage, center. She must use a good strong voice so as to be heard above the radio. With the opening word, she turns right stage.)

Jim! Jim! Can't you let that radio be still for at least a few minutes? Here's Mrs. Kenby come over to see me and have a nice quiet little chat, and there you are in the dining-room there, with that radio turned on full blast and playing a jazz tune that's enough to raise the dead, an——

Jim! Jim! You hear me? Here's Mrs. Kenby come over and—*(breaks off in despair, turns left to where guest is supposed to be sitting.)* Oh, for goodness' sake, Mrs. Kenby, isn't that the limit? And that's the way it goes all the time. When he sits down in front of that radio and gets to turning those dials around, he never pays the least attention to me! He wouldn't pay any attention to me, if I yelled my head off! I don't believe he'd pay any attention to me if I went in there and hit him on the head with a brick! When he's got that radio going, I'm just nowhere. I'm just not on the same earth with him. I'm not even in the same universe with him. I just don't exist. And, I tell you, Mrs. Kenby, ever since he got that radio, why this is what's happened to me—I'm a radio widow, that's what I am!

What? I didn't hear you. (*Hitches chair slightly left stage.*) Mrs. Bartley? Oh, yes, I saw her last Sunday at church, and, Mrs. Kenby, I saw you looking at her, just as I was looking at her, and I knew you were wondering, just as I was wondering, where she gets the money for all those new dresses she's always buying. For that's the second new dress she's had since—(*Radio lets out a series of unearthly shrieks. Entertainer turns right stage.*)

Jim! Jim! For goodness' sake! Why does a radio have to squeal like that, can you tell me? If a *person* carried on like that, they'd get arrested; and I don't see why a mere *radio* should be allowed to ruin the atmosphere where a person with a living soul in him can't! (*Radio gives another series of squeals.*)

Jim! Jim! Shut that thing down! What's the use of torturing the ears of everything within a radius of a hundred square miles? Can't you have a little pity on somebody once in a while? What's the use—(*Radio gives another squeal; then settles down, once more, into jazz tune. Entertainer turns again to guest.*)

Now, Mrs. Kenby, you see how things are! Did he pay any attention to me when I called to him? Did he act as though anything else was here in this apartment but that radio? You *know* he didn't! And couldn't I just as well have been talking to a blank wall, as to him! You *know* I could! And that's the way it goes! The first thing in the morning, he turns on the radio; when he comes home from work, at noon, for lunch, he turns on that radio; when he comes home for dinner, he turns on that radio; and after dinner, just by way of variety, he sits down and

listens to that radio! And as for me! Well! As for me, it's just like I was telling you—I'm a radio widow, that's what I am!

What? I didn't hear you. (*Hitches chair slightly left stage.*) Mrs. Bartley? Oh, yes! Why, I was just saying that that new dress she had on last Sunday is the second new dress she's had this month, and what with her husband only making fifty a week, and two children and a home to take care of out of that, and him an easy spender himself. I don't see how she can manage to cut the splurge she does. Not that it's any of my business but all the same—(*Voice from radio—"This is station WXQ." Series of shrieks follow. Entertainer turns right stage.*)

Jim! Jim! (*Radio takes up jazz tune again. Entertainer turns once more to guest.*)

It's when he turns the dials, trying to get out of town stations that the radio squeals and carries on like that. And I tell him, "For goodness' sake, isn't there racket enough in the city here without you taking the trouble to import noise from other places?" But, of course, he doesn't listen to me! I'm not a radio, so why should he pay any attention to me? I'm only a radio widow, that's all I am! And I tell you, Mrs. Kenby, if this thing keeps up much longer, we got to get a house or a forty-acre field or something, so he can go off to himself with that thing somewhere in a basement or an attic or a barn or some place, and let me have a little peace! For I can tell you, in a little apartment like this, there's no way I can get away from it and—

What? I can't hear you. (*Hitches chair slightly left stage.*) Mrs. Bartley? Oh yes, about that new dress of hers, I was just thinking that maybe her folks have some money—they live in New York, you

know, and maybe they come across in good enough style financially so she's able to keep her clothes up in good style like she does. Or maybe his folks—they live in Texas, you know, and maybe they're well enough off to loosen up occasionally and—(*Radio blares forth with a Sousa march, very loud and very military. Entertainer leans toward imaginary guest; places right hand to mouth in order that voice may carry to better advantage; lips move vigorously but no sound is heard from her, the radio drowning out all else. Entertainer gives up, makes gesture of despair, rises. Radio gives discordant squeals.*)

Jim! Jim! (*Turns back to guest, as from radio comes "The Last Rose of Summer."*)

Well, I don't blame you for saying you have to go, Mrs. Kenby. "Last Rose of Summer"! Last straw to the camel's back! It's like I tell you—I don't blame you one bit for going. I'd go myself if I had any other home to go to than this. And if your husband gets a radio like you say he's going to, why I hope he don't get so crazy about it like Jim is, and that you don't become a radio widow like I am. But if he does and if you do, Mrs. Kenby, why maybe we could get some other radio widows together and we could organize a club or something and go off somewhere and play bridge together or something. (*Radio lets loose another squeal. Entertainer claps hands over ears, groans. Radio continues with "The Last Rose of Summer".*)

Well, goodbye, Mrs. Kenby, goodbye. If you can manage it, come over tomorrow while Jim's off at work and maybe we can talk for a change without being disturbed by a new kind of racket every three seconds. Goodbye, Mrs. Kenby, goodbye.

Shut Eyes

Humorous monologue for man or woman. (*Speaker tells of two children's contrasting accounts of a movie.*)

Last evening, while I was sitting on my porch, the fourteen-year-old youngster, Estelle, who lives next door, came over for a chat. Settling herself comfortably, in a nearby chair, she began, "Oh, I saw the grandest movie, this afternoon. The *grandest* movie! At the Palace Theatre. It was called 'Life or death'. And the girl in it was a perfect darling! A blonde. With the most splendiferous gowns. One, a black velvet. Fitted like a glove. Just perfectly extreme. Perfectly daring! And another—chiffon and lace. As fluffy as a cream puff. A perfect love of a dress. A perfect dream."

"And she went out west. And she had two lovers—one, an older man from New York, and the other a young westerner she just met. And, oh-h-h, but he was handsome! *Ever* so handsome! And the scenes between him and the girl were wonderful. Just wonderful! But she had to tell him she was engaged to the older man, so he walks out in such a beautiful sad way. And then the older man comes in and puts his arms around her. And then—just like that!—she knows she doesn't love him. And so she just pushes him away and moans, "I can't, oh-h-h, I can't!" And then she runs out after the younger man."

And she comes up with him, and they looked just wonderful under the trees in the moonlight and all.

But the older man follows. And the two men glare at one another. And it was just *too* thrilling!

"And, of course, she finally marries the younger man. And I was glad of it. Only I was sorry to see her give up her pretty clothes. For, of course, she couldn't wear evening clothes, or fluffy things, in a mining camp! So she rides away dressed in khaki, on a horse."

As Estelle was finishing her account of this most delightful movie, her ten-year-old brother, Billy, decided to follow his sister's example and make me a call. He came running up the walk, and dropped down on the steps. "Gosh," he exclaimed, "I saw the swellest movie, this afternoon. The *swellest* movie! At the Palace Theatre. It was called 'Life or Death'. And two guys fought all over the place. Tore their clothes and everything. And one guy went over a water fall and saved himself from the burning house by jumping into a tree. And he rode a bucking bronco, something swell! But the other guy couldn't ride when *he* tried to ride!"

"Oh pooh," said Estelle "Isn't Billy the limit? The way he enjoys a movie! Gracious! All he likes is the rough parts. Now, I didn't see anything of all that. When all *that* was going on, *I had my eyes shut!*"

"How about you, Billy?" I asked. "Didn't you see anything of a beautiful girl with beautiful gowns and handsome lovers?"

"Oh, pooh," said Billy, "such slush! What do I care about all that? When all *that* was going on, *I had my eyes shut!*"

Sister Gets Married

Humorous monologue for child or child impersonator.

(Little girl tells of big sister's love affairs.)

Well! *(Sighs audibly.)* My big sister got married yesterday an', I tell you, folks, it's a big relief! My daddy says, "Now we can sit back comfo'bly an' start breathing again."

An' I don't know what he meant by that 'zactly, 'cause I been breathing right along. Though I did try to stop once, jus' to find out what it would feel like. But it didn't go so good, 'cause I felt awful queer. So I begun breathing again pretty quick, I can tell you! An' isn't it funny what a lotta diff'rence a little air can make?

Well, but I was going to tell you about my big sister's getting married an' how nice it is to have it settled an' all.

You see, she was going with three diff'rent fellas. Harry—

You know, I always liked Harry, 'cause he never teases me, an' he gives me candy, an' he smiles at me awful nice.

And then there was Jack. But Muvver never liked him very much, 'cause his hair was so thick with grease it was hard on our new stuffed furniture. But my daddy said, "He's a clever chap—slick as greased lightning when it comes to a business deal an' that's the kind of a fella to tie up to, these days."

An' then there was Herbert. He's a professor. In a college. An' Muvver wanted Sis to marry him, 'cause she said he knew all there was to know in the world.

An' Daddy said, "Yeah, he knows all there is to know an' don't know what to do with any of it."

An' then Daddy an' Muvver would argue an' talk, an' talk an' argue. An' Muvver wouldn't do anything but boost Herbert, an' Daddy wouldn't do anything but brag up Jack. An' Sister didn't say much of anything. She jus' kep' going out a lot with Herbert. An' she jus' kept going out a lot with Jack. An' now an' then she'd go out with Harry. An' one afternoon she went for a long automobile ride with Harry an', when they come back, he stayed in the car but she come on in the house. An' she says to Muvver an' Daddy, she says, "Maybe we better ask Harry to come in an' stay for dinner an' all."

An' Muvver says, "Why don't you 'phone Herbert instead?"

An' Daddy says, "Why not ask Jack?"

An' Sister says, "Well—er—you see—er—but Harry an' me jus' got married."

An' Muvver an' Daddy was so astonished, they both jus' flopped down on the sofa; An' Muvver says, "Do you mean to say that you've jus' gone an' married a plain ordinary man like Harry, an' give a wonderful learned man like Herbert the go-by?"

An' Sis says, "Herbert! Pooh! He knows so much he gives me a pain in the neck!"

An' Daddy says, "I don't blame you for giving Herbert the go-by. But what about a slick clever fella like Jack?"

An' Sis says, "Jack! Pooh! He's so slick, I was afraid he might try to do up all my friends."

An' then Muvver an' Daddy leaned back on the sofa, an' Muvver says, "Well, in a way it's a relief to have it all settled."

An' then Daddy says what I told you he said when I first begun telling you things. He said "Yeah, now we can sit back comfo'bly an' start breathing again."

An' then Sis went out to the car to get Harry an' bring him in. An while she was gone, Muvver looked at Daddy an' says, "Well, Harry's a good steady fella. He'll never give a woman a heartache."

An' I was glad to hear that, 'cause a heartache must be a terrible thing, 'cause I had a toothache once an' it hurt something fierce! Only the dentist pulled the toothe out, so then I didn't have the toothache any more. But a person couldn't get their heart pulled out very handy, I guess. So I'm awful glad Sis married Harry like she did.

An' Daddy says, "Yeah, Harry'll do all right, even if he won't ever set the world on fire."

An' I don't see why anybody would ever want anybody to set the world on fire, do you? 'Cause everything would be awful hot, then. Though, of course, it would be handy for roasting potatoes. But if we was roasted too, I don't see how we could enjoy the potatoes much, do you?

Well, then Sis come in with Harry, an Muvver an' me kissed him, an' Daddy shook hands with him, an' everybody was happy. An' I tell you, folks, I'm sure glad Sister married Harry when she got married, 'cause I like Harry awful well, 'cause he never teases me, an' he always gives me candy, an' he smiles at me awful nice.

Thirty Years Ago

(A humorous and costumed take-off on modern middle-aged women who condemns unsparingly the modern young girl. Number may also include male quartet.)

(Note: The humor of this sketch is decidedly increased if the reader appears in costume. For an encore or second number, she should give an old-time favorite poem, rendering it in the good, old-fashioned, highly-colored elocutionary manner. Sir Walter Scott's "Lochinvar" would be a satisfactory choice. If the reader is followed immediately by an old-fashioned male quartet, singing a group of the popular and sentimental songs of thirty years or more ago, it will add to the novelty and general success of the act. "Never Forget the Dear Ones," "Juanita," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," or any others that are suitable, could be used. This combined presentation of reader and quartet is especially recommended to the attention of the hostess, desirous of furnishing entertainment for an old-time party, with guests appearing in costume.)

Howdy, Mrs. Jones, how are you this afternoon?
——That's good.——Me? Oh, I'm feelin' pretty fair. Kinda tired, though. I didn't get the sleep I shoulda last night. That pesky girl next door—Cora Dilby—wuz out again—didn't get in till a quarter to twelve. I see her start off at ten minutes to eight to go buggy-ridin' with Joe Bergson an' you know how 'tis when a young girl like that goes off with a young man like that, you get sorta curious as to when they'll be comin' back. An'—my land!—they kept me waitin' haff the night! Fer it wuz a quarter to twelve, like I told you, when he brung her home. I know, 'cause I got up an' looked at the clock. An' then I got awful chilly standin' around waitin' fer 'em to get through sayin' goodnight.

You know, when I peep through the blind of that north window, I can see everything that goes on on the Dilby porch. An'—my land!—I seen enough. Him holdin' her hand the whole blessed time an', now an' then, givin' her a kiss. I don't see what young folks is comin' to these days! I don't suppose they thought anybody could see 'em, but I guess the whole town knows about it now. Not that I been sayin' anything! I wouldn't be tellin' you, Mrs. Jones, if I didn't know you wuz close-mouthed like me. Then I just mentioned it to Mrs. Blakely an' to Mrs. Vaughn an' Mrs. Truesome an' kinda suggested it like to Mrs. Andres.

Then at noon today, when Cora's mother run over an' wanted to borrow a cup of flour, I thought I'd be doin' her a favor, if I'd just let her know how Cora's carrying on. So I begun real tactful. I says, "Now, Mrs. Dilby, we've all been young once."

An' I says, "Young people will be' an nobody can't blame 'em."

An' I says, "We're only young once an', of course, want to make the most of it but, when I wuz a girl, ten o'clock wuz thought late enough fer any respectable young lady to be gettin' in."

An' I says, "Mrs. Dilby, I don't want to be personal nor nothin' but sometimes an outsider can see things that a mother don't an' if I had a daughter, I'd be glad if anyone told me things I should know."

An' I says, "Now, take Cora, fer instance, she's a dear sweet girl an' I don't mean to criticize—"

Well, would you believe it, just then Mrs. Dilby cuts in with, "Oh, that's all right. I understand perfectly. How's your asparagus comin' along?"

Well, of course, there wuz nothin' I could say after that! If she preferred bein' interested in asparagus, instead of her own flesh-an'-blood daugh-

ter, there wuz nothin' I could do but wash my hands 'of the whole affair! But, as she walked away, I thought to myself, "Well, if anything goes wrong, nobody can't ever blame me!"

Really, though, I don't see what the world is comin' to! Seems like parents ain't so conscientious like they used to be. I know if I had a daughter, I'd want to know *all* that she wuz doin'! An', I tell you, a girl like Cora Dilby needs watchin'! I don't believe that girl ever has a thought in her head but gaddin' about and dressin' up—always wantin' to wear a bigger rat in her hair than anybody else an'—sakes alive!—I'm sure there ain't nobody in town wearin' a bigger bustle!

Then yesterday I seen her go across the street an'—my land!—the way she held up her dress! I swear to goodness, I ain't exaggeratin' when I say that any man that happened to be lookin' coulda seen *both* her ankles! Fer my part, with girls actin' the way they do these days, I don't see how we can expect our men folks to behave themselves!

Then, too, Cora don't know nothin' about house-keepin'—spends most of her time settin' around in that parlor of theirs lookin' through the stereoscope. I don't see what her maw meant by buyin' her one of them things. Them new-fangled contraptions is inventions of the devil, that's what I think. Some of the pictures is downright immoral. I'll bet haff the crimes committed in this country today could be traced straight to the stereoscope! Besides, even if the scenes is decent, they don't do nothin' but help people waste time. An' Cora can waste time easy enough without gettin' any outside help. Of course, I don't want to say nothin' against the girl—far be it from me to hurl a stone!—but I don't see how any man in his right senses would want to marry her!

Anyway, Joe Bergson can't be in earnest. If he wuz, he'd be savin' his money, instead of spendin' it the way he does. An' he wouldn't be riskin' his neck drivin' that fast horse! Why, he came by here the other day an'—my land!—he wuz goin' like the wind. I know he wuz makin' at least ten miles an hour!

Have you seen that new buggy of his?—Well—my land!—you ain't seen nothin' then! Them wheels has red spokes an' they're rubber-tired! The seat's upholstered in gray velvet corduroy! The harness is black patent leather. An' I says to him, "You've got that horse's head reared too high!"

But he says, "Oh, no, she holds it that way natural."

But I don't believe him!

An' have you noticed his buggy-whip? It has a solid, sterling silver handle!—Yes, it has I know' cause once when he left the buggy standin' out front of the Dilby house, I wuz walkin' along past an' I seen it there an' sorta stopped an' kinda examined things. An', when I took out that whip, I seen for myself—it has a solid, sterling-silver handle!

Look, here comes Mrs. Brown.—Howdy, Mrs. Brown. Been to the Post Office, ain't you? I seen you got a letter. —What's that?—a weddin' invitation! Cora Dilby an' Joe Bergson goin' to be married next Tuesday! Well, well, now ain't that queer! I wuz just talkin' to Mrs. Jones, here, an' tellin' her what a great interest I always took in that dear young couple! Why, last night I stayed awake till twelve o'clock, just thinkin' about them sweet romantic lovers. I know Cora'll want me to have an invitation. I've lived next door fer fifteen years an' loved her, like she wuz my own child. Well, well, I must hurry along. I must go to the Post Office an' see if there ain't something there fer me.

Votin' Day

Humorous monologue for lady. (*This little woman is having a very hard time making up her mind how to vote.*)

Howdo, Mrs. Treeson, I was just hopin' I'd see you. Are you on your way to vote?—Yes, I am, too, so, I guess, we might as well go along together. We can talk things over for, I'm tellin' you, honest-to-goodness, I don't know which way to jump on this ticket! I don't believe there ever was a time when I was so uncertain who to vote for.

Look, there goes Mrs. Smithers! Don't she look happy? You know votin' day is about the only time, durin' the whole year, that that woman manages to enjoy herself an' get a kick out of life.

What?—Why, on account of her husband! Don't you know him? — Well, you're lucky! For bein' acquainted with him ain't any pleasure! He's an awful bully an' the meanest man in the whole city! Fact is, I believe he could give pointers to the meanest man that ever lived! Honest-to-goodness, I do!

What?—Well, yes, it's more'n likely she would've left him but there's the children to think of. An' you know how that is! Children sort of trap a woman, especially when she hasn't any money of her own to support 'em with. So she sticks around an' does the best she can.

He's always givin' her orders. He makes her walk the chalkline, I can tell you! She don't dare call her soul her own. She don't hardly breathe, without askin' first if it's all right with him. An', of course, on election day, he always tells her who to vote for an' everything. Well, then she goes down

to the polls an' when she gets in one of them little private booths an' pulls the curtain down careful behind her, why she just natur'lly goes on a spree an' checks off the exact opposite of what he said!

She told me that that time when Wenby was up for election was awful hard on her. She'd took a likin' to him an' wanted to vote for him but, it seems, that her husband was a Wenby man an' *told* her to vote for him. Well, she wanted to. But she didn't! She says to me, "Somehow I just couldn't bring myself to give up my own personal enjoyment."

Look, Mrs. Treeson, look at that fruit stand! Don't that rhubarb look nice? You know, we're all awful fond of rhubarb. I believe, I'll stop an' buy some on my way back.

What? —No. I ain't goin' to vote for Shurz. Nothin' of the kind! That's the one man, I'm certain about. I ain't goin' to vote for him, an' I don't mind tellin' you why, either!

You see, this mornin', just as my husband was leavin', he says to me, "Be sure an' vote for Pete Shurz."

An' I says, "Why?"

An' he says, "Because he's all right, Pete is. I know him! He's a *good fella*."

Well, Mrs. Treeson, that did me! For, it's the truth, I've got a wife's natural-born hatin' for "*good fellas*." Fact is, the first trouble I ever had with my husband was because of one of 'em.

What? —Well, you see, it was like this—after we was married, my husband'ud say to me, every now an' then, "You ought to meet Al. He's such a *good fella*!"

An' he'd say to me, "We ought to have Al out here some time. Al's such a *good fella!* We ought to invite him."

So fin'ly I says, "Well, why don't you?"

An' so he done it. An', Mrs. Treeson, honest-to-goodness, I just wish you could've seen that man! He was a great big lummoX with a silly grin on his face an' an awful appetite. He just ate an' ate but didn't praise my cookin' none or anything like that! Instead he set there talkin' away about what good times he an' my husband used to have, *before* my husband got married!

An' then—would you believe it?—while I was doin' up the dishes, if he didn't persuade my husband to go off with him an' join in a poker game in the back room of Kelly's pool hall. That's what he did! Honest-to-goodness, he did!

Well, I waited an' waited, gettin' more worked up every minute. An' I tell you, my nerves was on ragged edge when fin'ly in comes my husband. Mrs. Treeson, it was three o'clock! Wasn't that awful? An' I says to him, "A burglar might've broke in this place, while you was gone, an' robbed us an' everything."

An' I says to him, "I might've been murdered, all alone here in the night, while you was out goin' to the dogs an' 'everything!'"

An' then he says, "Why, honey, what's the matter? You ain't hurt none."

An' then, of course, I begun to cry an' I says to him, "That's all you care!"

An' that was our first quarrel an' all on account of one of them "*good fellas!*" Oh, I tell you, Mrs.

Treeson, I'm down on 'em an' sure don't ever intend to vote for one, if he's the last politician on earth!

Oh, look, Mrs. Treeson, look in the window here! Ain't that little dress cute? You know, that'd look awful sweet on my little Janet, wouldn't it? What does it say on the price tag? Two, ninety-eight! My land, that's high, ain't it? I could buy the goods an' make it for haff that.

What?—No I don't know who to vote for, for sheriff. Honest-to-goodness, I don't! I tell you, its just like I told you, I don't know who to vote for this time.

You see, last time, I went to hear that Mabel Corly—

What?—Yes, Mabel Corly, that woman lawyer, the one that gives the talks on "Instructions to Women Voters". I heard her last year an' I sort of went by what she said. But I didn't go to hear her this time. You see, I'm kind of down on her, after what she done to Mrs. Gilson.

What?—Why, Mrs. Treeson, haven't you heard? My land, I don't know what you'd do without me to tell you things!

You see, Mrs. Gilson was havin' trouble with her husband an' so she went to Mabel Corly an' asked her to get a divorce for her. Well, then Mabel said that she always believed in adjustin' difficulties, if she possibly could. So she called in Mr. Gilson an' had a lot of talks with him. But finally she says to Mrs. Gilson that it ain't any use an'—

Look, Mrs. Treeson, look here in this butcher shop window! There's lamb stew for twelve an' a haff cents a pound! That's cheap, ain't it? I believe, I'll stop an' get a couple of pounds on my way back.

What?—Oh, yes, I was tellin' you about the divorce. Well, this Mabel Corly got Mrs. Gilson her divorce an' charged her a good stiff price for it, too! An' she don't get her much alimony, either. An' then what do you think she did? She turns right around an' marries Gilson herself! That's what she did! What do you know about that!

An' it made Mrs. Gilson awful mad. Not that she wanted Gilson any more! But she didn't think that her own lawyer ought t've done a vampire act like that. An' I don't blame Mrs. Gilson for bein' mad either, I'd have felt the same way.

You know, Mrs. Treeson, much as I hate to say it, I don't believe there's any trustin' another woman when it comes to a love affair, lawyer or no lawyer! Though, for the matter of that, if a man sees money or something comin' from another direction, there ain't any trustin' him, either.

What?—Oh, yes, here's the votin' place, already! We made good time walkin' along, didn't we? Well, I suppose we might as well go in. My land, Mrs. Treeson, honest-to-goodness, I wish I knowed who I was goin' to vote for!



FINGERPRINTS

— By —

MYRTLE GIARD ELSEY

A Comedy in 3 Acts—4 Men, 6 Women

SCENE: One Interior

CHARACTERS

Hosey Hawks A "fingerprint detective"
Ned Thorndyke

Part owner of "Thorndyke Ranch"

Jimmy Lee His partner

Roger Whitney, Jr. A rich city Aleck

Pamina Thorndyke Daughter of Ned

Paulette Whitney Sister of Roger

Mrs. Roger Whitney, Sr.
Mother of the younger Whitneys

Miss Amelia Thorndyke Ned's sister, very precise

Mignon Mocare The French maid

Porcelin Purdy A colored cook

Ned Thorndyke and Jimmy Lee are owners of the Thorndyke Ranch. Ned's sister Amelia comes to spend her vacation on the ranch and brings with her the rich and elegant Whitney family. Roger Whitney has heard rumors of rich oil deposits and has made up his mind to buy the place. He falls in love with Ned's daughter Pamina. Paulette Whitney becomes infatuated with Jimmy, while the latter is himself in love with Pamina. He suddenly disappears, leaving them to think he has committed suicide, but reappears just as suddenly when he discovers Roger about to kiss Pamina. The Whitneys pay an exorbitant price for the ranch only to find that the oil rumor is false. Hosey Hawks, a fingerprint detective; Mignon, a French maid, and Porcelin, a colored servant, furnish much comedy. 2 hours. 35 cents.

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